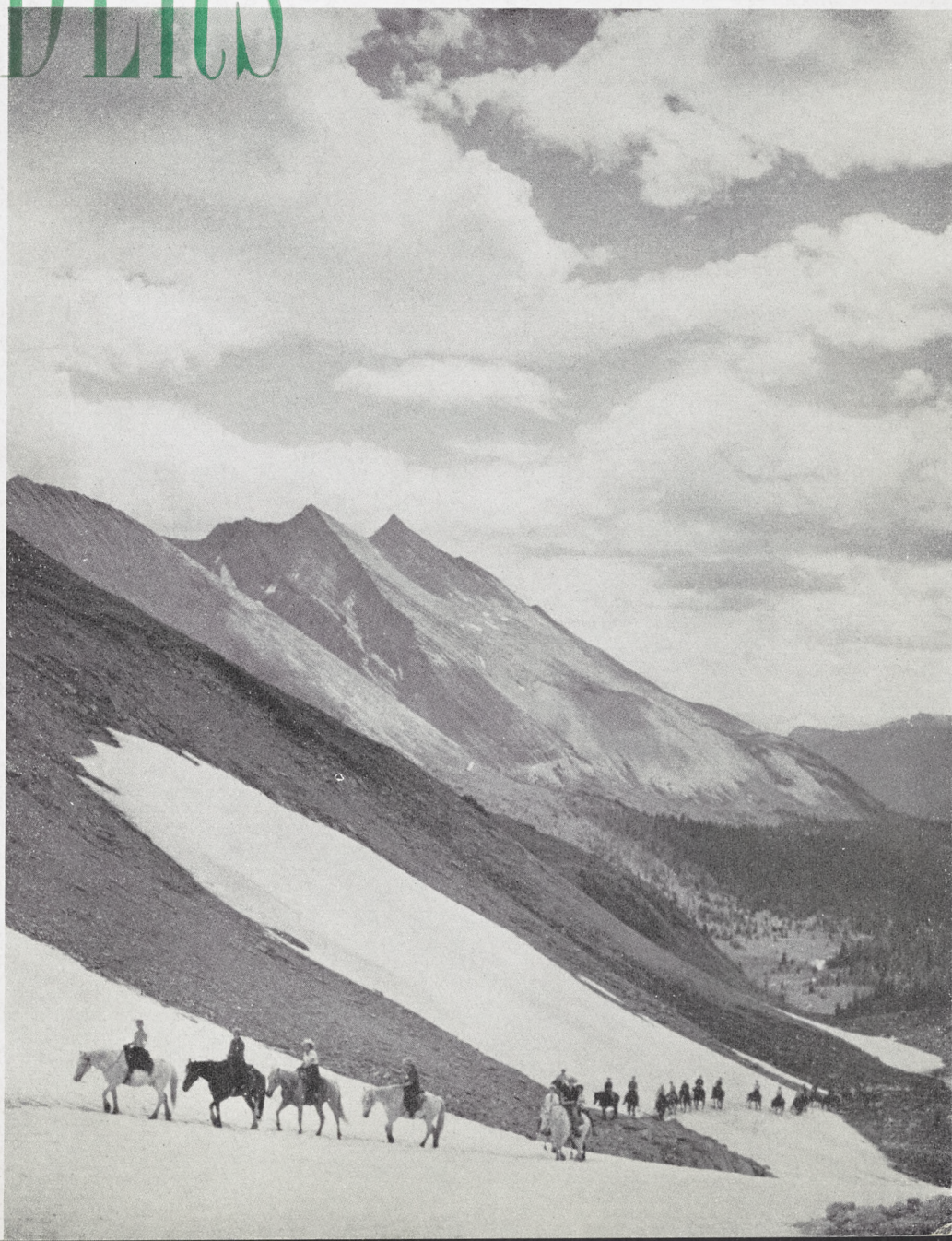


TRAIL RIDERS



No. 97
DECEMBER
1955



Cameron Cartoons

With this issue of "Trail Riders" Magazine, we take pleasure in presenting the first two of a series of 10 cartoons by Calgary-born Stewart Cameron dealing with the lighter aspects of a pack trip in the Canadian Rockies.

Those reproduced in this issue, along with those to follow, should bring many a chuckle to our members, most of whom have found themselves in the predicaments touched upon by the cartoonist. All depict the observations and experiences of Mr. Cameron himself, of dudes and pack outfits, during his many years of packing in the mountains.

Born and raised in Calgary, where the Rockies

(Continued on page 31)

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● This is one of a set of ten cartoons by Stewart Cameron, entitled "Pack Horse in the Rockies" — average size: 8¼ x 11½. The complete set can be obtained by writing "Cameron Cartoons (No. 3), Box 388, Calgary, Alta. (Price: \$1.00 per set, by cheque, money order, or cash).



"CROSSING A ROCK-SLIDE"

RED DEER LAKE—MAYBE

What's the Good Word For Next Year's Ride?

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THOUGH looking back on last summer's rides may be excellent sport, it isn't too early to start reversing the procedure and looking ahead to the trail rides of 1956.

While a seven-months' barrier still stands between today and trail time, the business of organizing the rides has been steadily gaining momentum. As a result, it is now possible to take a peep behind the "evergreen curtain" and pick up a few clues as to what we can expect for 'fifty-six.

Though plans are still in the making, we do have some definite information to impart. And before we forget it, let's make a note of the big dates. As in previous years, the association will hold two rides, one of five days' and the other of six days' duration, to be scheduled as follows:

Five-day ride: Friday, July 13th, through Tuesday, July 17th; Six-day ride: Friday, July 20th, through Wednesday, July 25th. Respective rates for the two rides, as recently announced by the outfitter, will be \$75 and \$85 per person.

Covered by these rates will be your horse, saddle equipment, tepee accommodation, meals, gratuities, and transportation of duffle between Banff and camp.

One important feature remains to be settled, namely, the location of next year's campsite. Four alternative routes were suggested at this year's annual meeting. These were Red Deer Lake, Pipestone Creek meadows, the Little Yoho, and the Wolverine Plateau in Kootenay Park.

As we go to press, the race seems to have narrowed down to the Red Deer Lake, Pipestone and Little Yoho, with latter in the lead. A reconnaissance trip from Yoho Lodge was made

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Riders of the Canadian Rockies*

Address all Bulletin material to

GRAHAM NICHOLS

Secretary-Treasurer and Editor

Room 294, Windsor Station

Montreal Que., Canada

this fall by Bud Brewster who reported trails in excellent condition and the scenery unmatched. The same can be said of the Pipestone which some of us will recall from 1949, the last time we camped in that area.

Wherever we camp, however, the standard of camp life will go up several points. Tepees are to be completely waterproofed — with no more drip, drip, drip from the walls should the raindrops fall. Distribution of firewood and spruce boughs will be streamlined, while the camp bill-of-fare will be more appetizing than ever.

Whether or not the camp is to be bigger than ever will, of course, depend on the number of applicants. But this we can predict with certainty . . . It will be better. And that's predicting plenty in view of the success attending the rides of '55.

● THE EDITOR wishes to thank all members who have been kind enough to contribute trail ride photos for inclusion in the Bulletin. While it is not possible to include all such photos in one issue, these will be given every consideration in editions to follow.

Majority of photos in current issue —including the imposing cover scene— represent the work of John E. Kalina, of Montreal, who this year completed his second season as official trail ride photographer. Others were snapped by Helen Ramsay, of Edmonton.

DON'T FORGET THESE BIG DATES!

Five-Day Ride — Friday, July 13th to Tuesday, July 17th.

Six-Day Ride — Friday, July 20th to Wednesday, July 25th.

SNOWFIELDS AND ROCK SLIDES

That Fabulous Five - Day Ride

by GRAHAM NICHOLS

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"ANYONE SEEN a brown horse wearing a blue slicker?"

If the phrase has a familiar ring—or what is more likely—a somewhat monotonous one—there's good reason to suspect you were a part of this year's cavalcade. There's also good reason—though not quite as good—to suspect that you've heard something about the big benevolent bay who sported the writer's raincoat and whose favorite sport was losing both raincoat and writer.

As a member of this year's ride, however, you probably have a wealth of personal memories of your own—memories that revolve around your own horse, your own tepee mates and your own meditations along the upland trails.

Possibly you have, too, your favorite recipe for reliving those golden moments. It may be in the form of dwelling lovingly on your collection of snapshots, of projecting color transparencies on your home screen, or even organizing a trail riders' get-together in your own hometown.

Failing all these you can follow the popular song's advice, throw another log on the fire, and let memory take it from there. A background of soft music will offer the memories further inducement to come out from hiding—particularly if you have a few western tunes in stock.

Soon on the memory trail

Before you know it you'll be hearing the early-morning shouts of cowboys as they round up the strays, the magic words, "Everybody Up!", and the spirited chords of the accordion swelling from the big "Doughnut" assembly tent. Once more you'll breathe the tang of evergreen, the more delicate (perhaps) aroma of wood smoke from tepee fires, and the unquestionably superior aroma of breakfast flapjacks, bacon and coffee.

If all this doesn't push back the pages of your calendar to mid-July, transport you back to Banff and reclothe the landscape in summer green, then we're afraid you'll just have to sit out the winter and wait patiently for next year's ride.

But since it's a shorter journey to July, 1955, than to July, 1956, most of us will prefer to take the memory trail!

So let's get back to that sunny morning of July 15th. We all recall the picture—the atmosphere charged

with anticipation as we milled about the big white buses drawn up outside the Mount Royal Hotel. And the colorful picture we presented in our gay plaid shirts, broad-rimmed hats, high-heeled riding boots



Snow fields like this were much in evidence along the Badger and Pulsatilla trails. At times it was necessary for horses to blaze trails in the deep, sugary but firm July snows. More often, however, we were able to skirt the white barriers.

and blue jeans which at this early stage are crackling in their newness!

Any feeling of strangeness we might have felt toward each other following the previous night's get-together was dissipated completely in the excitement and gaiety of the departure preparations. We clustered about in groups, compared passenger lists, talked trail-ride apparel, while some camera enthusiasts were already shooting stills and movies of the departure. Still others, whose duffel had missed the early truck, were stowing it away in the buses' baggage compartments.

All aboard for Hillsdale

Then came the official orders: "First bus loaded — take it away-y-y! And slowly it rolled away from the curb, its cheering and laughing occupants waving from the open windows, and was soon speeding along the Banff-Lake Louise highway in the direction of Hillsdale Meadows, our rendez-vous with the ponies. The second and third buses followed closely behind.

Anticipation was running high as we pulled off the main highway into a brief, rolling secondary road leading to the Hillsdale corral. Minutes later we had reached our destination and were eagerly taking in the scene. Cowboys were busy "saddling up", praying inwardly that they had the right saddle and stirrups on the right horse for the right rider! Horses were whinnying and pawing the ground impatiently. They knew the beginning of a trail ride as well as the riders!

It was not long before the entire group was in the saddle and waiting for acting president Frank Sabin's command to advance. This came moments later at which the long file of riders moved slowly across the meadow and onto the main trail. Bright sunshine beamed down from cloudless skies — a happy combination of the elements that was to continue for the camp's duration.

Ride well patronized

Numerically, we were well up to strength as compared to other years, with 56 dude riders and a liberal sprinkling of cowboys making up the colorful cavalcade. Approximately one-third of our number was made up by a group of teen-aged girls escorted by Miss Elizabeth G. Smith, of Jenkintown, Pa., a unit that was to contribute largely to our campfire sing-songs during the nights to follow.

At first the trail took us through pungent evergreen forest, emerging at times to give us a superb view of mighty Sawback Range and (if we looked around) the citadel-like summit of Pilot Mountain. The initial excitement was abating, gradually giving way to a more subdued atmosphere. Apart from the occasional fragment of conversation, burst of laughter, or shouted commands of a cowboy to his horse, the long file proceeded in comparatively silence.

Then came a wave of excitement that rippled along the entire length of the cavalcade! It was rumored, that because unusually deep waters, it might be necessary to swim the horses at the next river crossing. In the wake of the rumor, most of us were more concerned with our own swimming prowess than that of our horses. When we descended to the shores of the fast flowing cataract, the excitement



These three just couldn't get enough of the saddle — not even during the noontime lunch stop! While most of us draped ourselves luxuriously over the landscape to munch our sandwiches, the above trio refused to conform. All from Eureka, Montana, they are, left to right: Edna Gwynn, Frank Sabin and Ella Ferris.



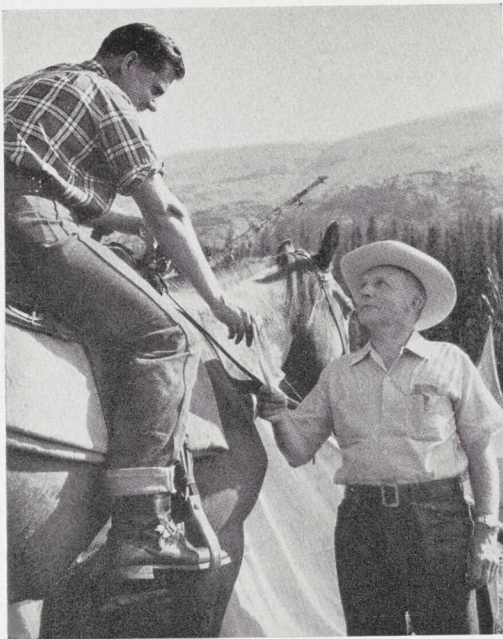
Bologna, peanut butter, ham or jam—take your choice, folks, it's all there. Trail ride table is set for that welcome picnic-style lunch which also includes brewed-on-the-spot tea and coffee. Surveying the bill-of-fare are, left to right: Ann Crump, Dorothy Hayward, Mandy Funk and "Lib" Smith.

quickly ebbed. The horses were able to plod across the submerged boulders without so much as wetting our ankles.

Length of that first day's journey was variously quoted from as low as 15 miles to as high as 20! If the horses were equipped with pedometers, however, the mileage clocked up on the journey would probably have registered closer to the 17-mile mark.

After a morning of negotiating a series of "roller coaster" trails, punctuated at their lowest levels by chattering rivulets, our guides—and appetites—told us that we had reached our lunch stop. We dismounted in the long grass of a sunny, lightly wooded meadow, tethered our horses, and headed for the nearby shores of Johnson Creek which was to be our singing companion for the rest of the journey into camp.

(Continued on page 6)



Buck Crump receives message from Paul Jolicoeur who rode to camp from trailhead, some 18 miles distant, to make delivery. As in other years, camp was located well off the beaten track and accessible only by trail.

(Continued from page 5)

Here we draped ourselves leisurely over the landscape, munching sandwiches and quaffing cups of hot coffee. We were just beginning to get comfortable when the command "Everybody up!" rang across the meadow and once more had us climbing into our saddles.

On looking back over that first day's ride, it was not the scenery alone — magnificent as it was — that provided the major thrill. It was that first glimpse of Tepee Town, its white spires dotting a wide open meadow along whose grassy marge prattled the broad headwaters of Johnson Creek.

We found ourselves comfortably losing interest in the massive flank of Pulsatilla Mountain which frowned down from its 10,000 ft. eminence. Instead we began conjuring up visions of a camp supper, tepee fires and dreamless slumber in the cozy depths of a sleeping bag.

The sing-song that night featured introductions, an address by Frank Sabin, acting president, recitation of poems by Ray Bagley, and an account by accordianist Clarence Richards of a "rary" bird, its frustrated owner, and the Abominable Snowman. Back for his second year as master of ceremonies, Ross Alger kept the show moving merrily until the arrival of hot chocolate and cookies signalled the program's end.

The camp woke next morning to another day just like the first — sunshine, clear blue skies and the temperatures just right for the ride to Badger Pass. After a hearty breakfast we trudged up to corral, reclaimed our patient mounts and minutes later were again on the march. The trail that morning was a continuation of that by which we had

made our entry into camp, with Johnson Creek rolling along at our left. As the altitude increased, the dark green evergreens became more thickly interspersed with the pale green of larches, an indication that we were approaching timberline.

About mid-morning we observed a spectacle that set camera shutters clicking merrily. This was what one trail rider accurately described as a "watery staircase" — a waterfall that cascaded over step-like formations as it proceeded musically on its downward course. The effect from the high trail was breathtaking.

We lunched by a barren mountain whose scree-clad base was flecked with broad snow fields — a situation that prompted a few of our members to indulge in a modified program of winter sports.

In the afternoon the landscape changed abruptly. In contrast to the woodland and meadow trails of the morning we encountered long stretches of rocky terrain where the trail was something for the rider — or more often the horse — to determine.

View was worth it

Ascending the rocky pass was a slow and tedious process. But having once reached the summit we were rewarded by a vista that excelled in magnificence anything we had thus far beheld. Before us lay a vast amphitheatre, spotted with snowfields and hemmed in by the encircling mountains. Here we dismounted, leaving our horses, for once, where the nearest blade of grass was far, far away. We trudged slowly along the rocky ridge, finally seating ourselves along the brink of a semi-sheer cliff at whose base raced the thin ribbon of Cascade Creek.

On the way home ominous clouds, a spitting of rain and hailstones made us reach for our slickers. We rode on, prepared for the worst, but our fears were short-lived. The storm abated almost as suddenly as it came on. Either that or we rode downhill beyond its reach.

That evening the elements staged another kind of show. This took the form of gale force winds that more than once threatened to send tents and tepees winging away in the blast. It was only the combined efforts of cowboys and dudes that prevented such a calamity! Most seriously threatened were the cook tent and "Doughnut", the latter partly collapsing at one point. Several tepees also took a neat bow.

Pulsatilla was big thrill

By campfire time the winds had abated, though sporadic gusts whacked the "Doughnut's" canvas walls throughout the evening. The program was enhanced by a timely parody on the song, "It ain't gonna rain no mo'," prepared and directed by a storm-inspired Ross Alger.

The big scenic thrill was reserved for Sunday when we set our sights on Pulsatilla Pass. Many of us knew what we might ex-

(Continued on page 14)

1st Dude: I was out riding today.

2nd Dude: Horseback?

1st Dude: Yep. Got back three

THE COLONEL SOUNDS OFF

by MARY WEEKES

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"GOOD-DAY, Colonel Pepperpot, suh. As I was ridin' by on a financial journey to m'bank, I was all seized with a desire to enquire if you'd completed a-settin' down for posterity your hilarious and dispensiory Memoirs."

"Afternoon, General Saltpeter, suh. I thank you for your concern about my er- literary efforts. The Memoirs are progressin' slowly, retarded, I might remark, by obstructionary circumstances."

"How come, suh, that you forewent this year's Hoss Ride in those far off voracious and punitive Canadian alpine peaks designed by nature to torture and annihilate man and beast but whose beauty and er- challenge you been a-boastin' about throughout the approachin' Spring and a-shinin' up your fancy spurs and a-puttin' antique brooches on your hand-sewn bridle?"

Toleration Gets His Orders

"Gen'l, suh, 'tis that rumatiz in his off leg that's a-cripplin' the Colonel and divorcin' his wayward notions that's been germinatin' and a-sproutin' — the rumatics that's all been wished on him by them swamp loafers he caught a-pickin' his fancy cotton."

"Toleration, take the General's mount then disappear beyond my reach and fetch some long cool mint juleps for which our honored guest is a-thirstin' and unearth a bottle of that 1700 Virginia rye to soothe my great disappointment."

"Yes, suh, Colonel; excuse me for tryin' to save your face and put your best foot out for the Gen'l . . . Lawsy-me if that black devil hoss, Hibiscus, ain't eatin' off this mansion porch that we all heared was planted on this noble plantation by your great-great grondfather, a Governor of this Virginia country."

"Boy, your gab is insuppressible—Go!"

"Yes, Colonel, I's off to be et alive by Satan's spawn . . . don't bare your

teeth at me, Hibiscus—you rapscaillon straight outa Limbo . . .

"Your great disappointment, Colonel, if I may be so forward as to enquire?"

"Now, suh, that I've dispersed that slow-motion aggravation, I'm going to relate to you my private disappointment. Har-u-mp! Explain why those Rocky Mountain dudes are ridin' their unpedigreed hosses up the stupendous Assiniboine mountain that rises nearly 12,000 feet above terra firma without me to lead them."

"General, suh, I'm mighty gratified that you are not ridin' up that Matterhorn of Canada with dudes that are abusin' decent horseflesh — a pastime foreign to gentlemen of Virginia and giving bluebloods like yoursel' rheumatic spasms."

"Where them there places at now I ain't knowledged about, Colonel, suh? Annie Bone's mountain, and Madder Horn?"

"Cease your prattle, boy!"

"Yes, suh! Here's those ancient beverages you all keep fermentin' for quality folks, likewise the juleps with mint and frost a-feanin' at their beams, as they say in the navy."

"Pay no heed to Toleration, suh. Navy training has unfit him for service with southern gentlemen . . . Well,

(Continued on page 9)

1. Have your cinches looked to before you start and every time you stop for a rest on the ride.
2. Strap a slicker or raincoat behind your saddle in case of a shower.
3. Get on and off your horse with your left foot in the stirrup.
4. Sit with your shoulders back and ride with an easy balance.
5. Give your horse as well as yourself an hour for lunch at mid-day.

Candid Camera Catches Lib's Talented Troupers



This scene should bring back happy memories for five trail ride enthusiasts from West Hartford, Conn., and area. They were among group of girls escorted by Miss Elizabeth G. Smith, of Jenkintown, Pa., shown here atop her favorite mount. They are, left to right, standing: Cornelia Wadsworth, Emily Walker, Cynthia Kohn; seated: Betty Gordon and Susan Taylor.



With escort "Lib" Smith in background, seven of her charming charges close ranks to form attractive souvenir photo for Bulletin. All from Jenkintown, Pa., and nearby points, they are, left to right, standing: Virginia Wriggins, Sue Salesky, Beverly Hartman, Barbara Fisher; seated: Carol Emhardt, Nancy Emhardt, Margaret Ogilby.

Townsend Cup Again Up for Competition

Once again, there's a big question mark encircling the big, silver Townsend Trophy, the question being, of course, who is to be this year's lucky winner? If you snapped what you consider a better-than-average photo during the rides, that winner might well be you!

As we go to press, we haven't been exactly swamped with entries, and would be happy to see the field a trifle more congested. There were plenty of cameras and cameramen in our ranks. There was also sunshine — scenery and sing-songs — all the ingredients necessary to produce a Townsend winner.

It's the general belief that many trail riders have a potential winner hidden among their '55 harvest but feel, perhaps, that the odds are against them. Past winners — and they've been winning the cup since 1929 — would be the first to scout any such misapprehensions.

It can happen to you!

Many have been agreeably surprised — and proud — to find an entry they sent in "just for luck" wind up in first place. And in some cases, these have been taken by mere beginners with inexpensive cameras.

It may be that the ruling with regard to color photography has been a discouraging factor. Previously we have accepted only black and white entries in the competition. However, with the rapid growth of color photo fans in our ranks, there is now a move afoot to permit entry of color pix as well.

Exclusion of color photos in the past has been prompted only by reproduction difficulties of this type in the magazine, the black and white prints producing superior engravings. In view of the changing trend, this may well be overruled.

Meanwhile, some trail riders may be unwittingly holding back a potential winner or two — of the black and white species — photographed during this year's camp. And any one of these

(Continued on page 28)

THE COLONEL SOUNDS OFF

(Continued from page 7)

as I was about to relate, I was fixin' to take my prize mare, Priscilla out of Yaller Spinner, winner of two Derbys, a-jauntin northward to those magnificent Canadian Rockies, takin' that jabberin' wretch, Toleration, to supply my comfort and keep my equipment shinin'. Fixin' to give those ornery dude mounts a vision of a horse with flyin' feet that could ascend the terrible Assiniboine that defies description. Then, suh, when I saw the ridin' list, I felt dashed and the courage left my feet.

"I powerfully regretted that that secretary-treasurer feller of the Rocky Mountain dude retinue — and a true gentleman as measured by exacting southern standards — should tempt fate and susceptible male riders with so many females — positively thrown' these forceful *femmes soles* at languishing males, and I shrunk from attendin'.

At my age, suh, I have to be wary. Each year some unsuspecting male rider is trapped by a mountain *donna belle*. At my ripe age, I favor the sauce piquante type. You understand, General?"

Colonel Pepperpot, suh, ain't you been proclammerin' that you need a chat-de-lane in this here empty mansion house?"

"Toleration, you imp, replenish the General's glass and depart."

"Yes Colonel . . . there ain't no picker on this plantation that suffers the Colonel's tribulations like I do . . . The misery I do suffer from his mountain ravins and loose screws and aberrationisms . . . Yes, suh, I'se only muterin' and I's leavin' you gentlemen to your miseries . . ."

"Colonel Pepperpot, suh, If I may presume to remark, taking the liberty of an old comrade, there are many hand-

(Continued on page 13)



Talent and charm go hand in hand with this group of young ladies who attended the five-day ride this year escorted by Elizabeth G. Smith, of Jenkintown, Pa. While their charms were manifest at all times, it took our annual Stunt Night to demonstrate their talents. Miss Smith has been contributing such groups to the five-day ride for several years in the past.

He's a "Natural" for the Job

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THERE'S ONLY one thing our President-elect Charlie Douglas has against the trail rides — He didn't learn of them until 1948. "Otherwise," says the genial Calgarian, "I would likely have been on the original one."

Those who know Charlie Douglas will be quick to accept this as gospel. In fact, some of our older members well may share Charlie's regrets that he wasn't on hand to liven things up when the first ride took off in 1924.

Charlie, we maintain, is a "natural" for the post of chief executive of the group which now boasts a total membership of approximately 2,000. In addition to his innate love of the saddle, the mountain trails, flapjacks, and everything associated with camp life, the new president has a host of more tangible attributes that make him well qualified for the post.

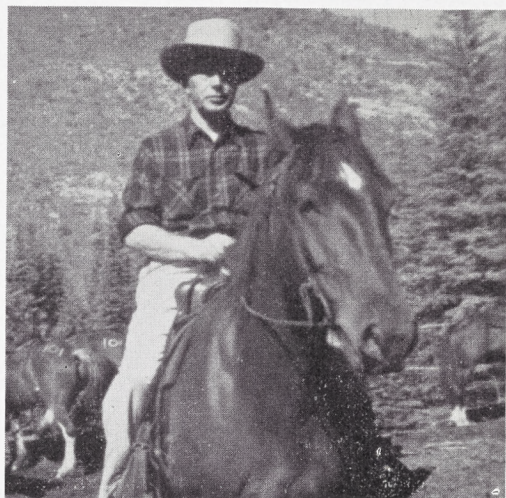
A member since 1948

A member of the association since 1948, Mr. Douglas has given freely of his services on the Trail Ride executive, having served on the council, and later as a vice-president of the association. At council meetings, Charlie is frequently to the fore in introducing a motion aimed at the camp's betterment. And, significantly enough, these are invariably carried without a dissenting voice.

It is the informal side of Charlie's personality that probably has the most immediate appeal to his trail colleagues. This has been manifest in numerous ways at campfire sing-songs, Stunt Nite, and at last year's "pocket stampee" at Bryant Creek Meadows!

Few will forget Charlie's role as the famed Dr. Spinner, master of the slow, supersonic and educated bullets, in one of the most laughter-provoking skits in Stunt Nite history. At nightly sing-songs, few can reel off a yarn with greater ease than Charlie Douglas. And when the song sheets are passed around no one chimes in with readier vocal accompaniment!

When volunteers were called for to participate in our camp rodeo, Charlie was one of the first to step forward.



Charlie Douglas

In a sensational exhibition of bareback riding, during which riders clashed together as did knights of old (and with no armor) Charlie was the last to be de-horsed—that is, if he was de-horsed at all.

Charlie's appointment also brings another popular trail rider into the spotlight. This is none other than his wife, Nan, who shares every bit of her husband's enthusiasm for camp life and the same popularity among trail ride colleagues.

Our new "first lady", who accompanied Charlie on that first ride to Citadel Pass in 1948, has proven herself equally competent in camp administrative affairs, having held a place on the council along with her husband for several seasons.

When asked by the editor for a few "vital statistics", Charlie politely complied. "I was born," he says, "near Toronto in a small town that nobody ever heard of." Westerners will be pleased to learn that he moved to Winnipeg as soon as he was old enough to travel. He received his schooling in the Prairie Capital and has lived in the west ever since.

On the hobby front Charlie reports fishing and trail riding foremost in his affections. If there's a lake or fishing stream within a 20-mile radius of camp,

Charlie will be sure to find it.

Of his early association with the organization, Charlie has this to say: "Nan and I started trail riding in 1948 . . . We cannot think of a finer way to spend a holiday."

Charlie also takes time out to comment on his business. "To make a living," he says, "I am western representative for a footwear firm which, I am sure, makes me the only trail ride travelling salesman."

So there you have it, friends, in capsule form — the Charlie Douglas story. We'll admit that the account is all too sketchy, and suspect that, through modesty, Charlie has withheld some of his major virtues and accomplishments.

Meanwhile, we congratulate the trail riders electing a man of Charlie's calibre to the Order's highest office. It bodes well for the association's future.

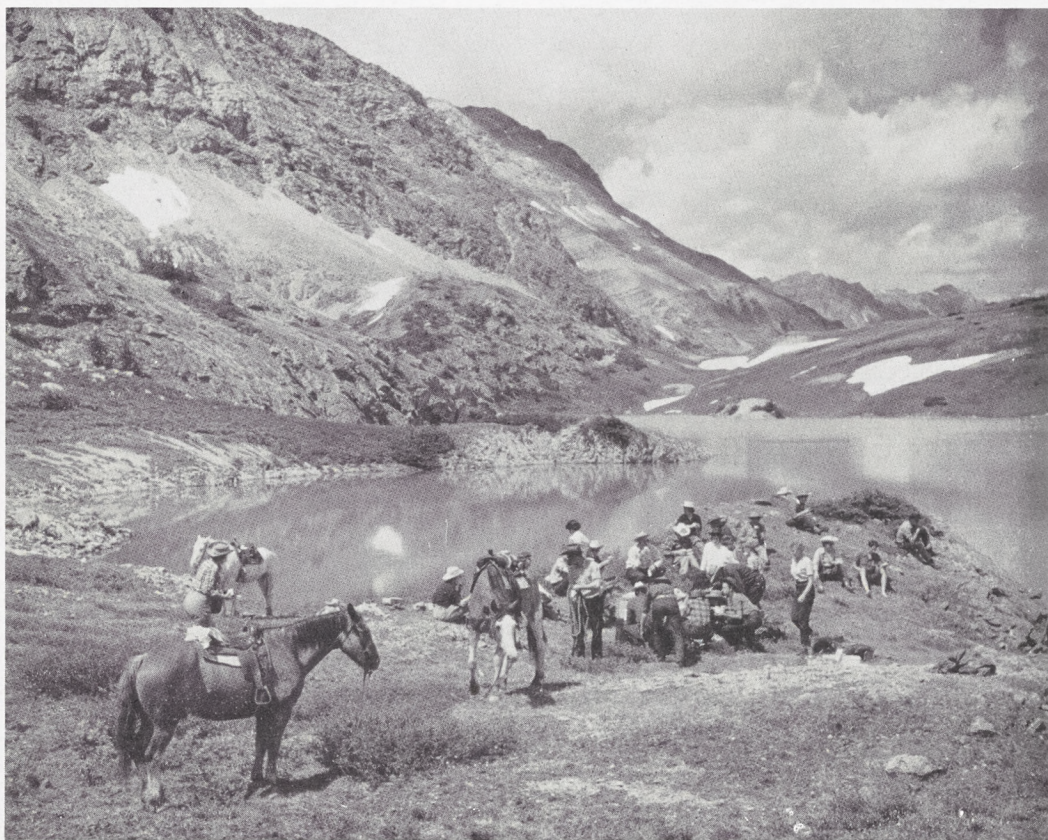
He Likes the Bulletin

Members of the '44 contingent will be interested in letter received by the editor from Raymond G. Wingfield, who attended the ride and hike of that year as an officer of the R.A.F.

Mr. Wingfield, who resides at Northiam, Sussex, England, has been kept up to date on our subsequent activities through the medium of the Bulletin which he receives regularly. He writes as follows :

"Since riding and hiking with the trail riders and skyline trail hikers in 1944, I have received many copies of the magazine. I greatly enjoy receiving these publications which bring back happy memories. May the opportunity to join your group come again."

Mr. Wingfield also expressed his best wishes for the ride's future success.



"Suddenly there's a valley!" — That's how it appeared to trail riders as this delightful vista met their eyes after a hard ride over the deep snows of Pulsatilla. Nestled at the foot of giant hills this tranquil alpine lake immediately settled the where-to-stop-for-lunch problem. Though snow patches are still visible, the scene is once more predominantly summer. And why not? — It's still mid-July!

NEW SLATE OF OFFICERS ELECTED

Camp Reviewed at Annual Meeting

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CHARLES DOUGLAS, of Calgary, Alta., was elected president of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies at the association's 32nd annual meeting, July 27th, at Banff Springs Hotel.

A past president of the Order, and a veteran of many rides, Mr. Douglas succeeds Ches. S. McNair, of Great Falls, Mont., who directed this year's trail ride program and who presided at the meeting.

Due to inclement weather, the meeting took place in the office of the secretary-treasurer instead of on the "bleachers" of the hotel's athletic grounds where the group has usually met in the past. It preceded the annual camp supper and grand pow-wow which winds up the association's activities for the season.

Quorum raised despite rain

Due to the late return of the buses, the rain, and resulting confusion, attendance at the meeting was light. However, it did not take long to raise a quorum and other officers arrived as the meeting progressed.

M. G. "Mel" Gourlay, of Drumheller, Alta., was elected a vice-president to succeed Mr. Douglas, whose wife, Nan, has held a place on the council for several years. Other vice-presidents were re-elected as follows:

Mrs. W. A. Fuerst, Cincinnati, O.; Miss Ethel Knight, Banff, Alta.; A. D. McNicol, Port Alberni, B.C., and Frank E. Sabin, Eureka, Mont., who served as acting president in the absence of Mr. McNair on the five-day ride.

Unanimously elected to the trail riders' council were N. R. Crump, Montreal; W. H. Bertsche, Great Falls, Mont.; J. D. Stephenson, Great Falls, Mont.; W. F. Peterson, St. Louis, Mo.; Dr. D. I. McNeil, Calgary, Alta., and Miss Berniece Robinson, Calgary.

Added to the membership committee were Lou W. Shulman, Calgary, and Graham Nichols, Montreal. Charlie Beil, Banff, was made an honorary member, while the name of Ches. S.

McNair was added to the ever-lengthening list of past presidents.

Following the adoption of last year's minutes, the subject of next year's campsite came under discussion. Several areas were suggested as likely locations while three were definitely slated for consideration.

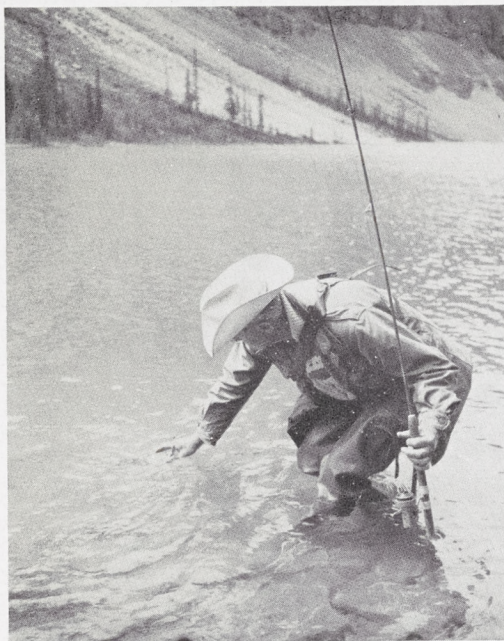
These were the Pipestone Creek headwaters, near where we camped in 1949; the much-discussed and long-delayed Wolverine region in Kootenay Park, and an exciting bit of terrain in Yoho Park, reached from Yoho Bungalow Camp, where trails have been labelled everything from "super" to "super-spectacular".

It was decided to leave the ultimate decision in the hands of the outfitter and other members of the trail committee.

Comments on the rides of this year were also aired at the meeting. It was



Rancher, philosopher, cowboy and poet — that's Ray Bagley of Crowsnest Ranch, Coleman, Alberta, whose original poems on things western delighted us each evening at campfire time. He is seen here with two admirers, Ann and Janice Crump, both members of the five-day cavalcade.



If there's a fish under there — and it looks as though there is — chances are better than even that Howard Watkins will soon have it safely stowed away in his creel. One of the camp's more successful anglers, Howard has long been the moving force behind those magic words on the trail ride menu: "Freshly Caught Rainbow Trout".

generally agreed that both camps were handled with competence and that all members were happy with the campsite, trails, horses and management.

An exception was made in the case of meals on the first ride which fell below our usual standards. On the second ride, and subsequent hike, the cuisine was back to its normal high rating and the outfitter explained how this standard would be maintained at all future camps.

Among Banff officers attending the meeting were Mrs. P. A. Moore who has maintained a consistently active interest in the association since its inception. Also on hand was Mrs. Harry Dooley, of Chicago, the former Fern Brewster, of Banff, another perennial enthusiast.

Others present included Miss Elizabeth G. Smith, of Jenkintown, Pa., whose party of teen-aged girls contributed such youthful zest to the camp up Johnson Creek; Ross P. Alger, of Calgary, Alta., master of ceremonies at both camps, Miss Helen Ramsay, Edmonton; Howard W. Watkins, Calgary; Marshall H. Diverty, and Miss Ruth Woolley, Woodbury, N.J.

THE COLONEL SOUNDS OFF

(Continued from page 9)

some and vulnerable ladies in this here gorgeous south ready to be addressed by you — ladies fit to grace this venerable mansion and capable of bridling your prattling boy's tongue."

"My present yearnin' is for a cross between a stuffish southern dame and those provokin' fillies that scale the mountain ridges — a sauce piquante specimen, suh! All that climbin' of glaciers and ridges muddles a man's proper emotions."

"Ah, suh, I respect your dilemma."

"What, Emma, Gen'l? There ain't no Emmas hereabouts. Most of the wenches in this abode are called Clementines or Alabasterines or . . ."

"Toleration, pass the julep jug!"

"Yes, suh!"

"Exactly so, Colonel Peppercot! Traipsing up lonely peaks with females as you describe would be mighty upsetting to emotions, mighty risky, and I sincerely sympathize with your disappointment."

"Sleepin' cradled in bleachin' elk horns on bare rocks, like I see in the Colonel's Trail Book, that some dudes suffer is mighty hard on the motions . . . Sich kind of beds ain't fit for nobody. No suh . . ."

"Toleration, remove your mutterin' that accelerates my great disappointment . . ."

"Yes, suh . . . free lunches, eatin' places for wild animals set up by that natural man — My, my, and the old Colonel reportin' all that in his Memorials . . . and all them spindle-shaped babes swimmin' in the Boss's eye . . . My, My, the peck o-trouble that affronts me . . ."

"Ah, well, General, come next July, I hope to be adventuring in those afar mountains with my patrician horse — especially if temptation is removed from the trail lists."

"Well, Colonel, suh, I'm right glad I passed this way to sympathize with your er — relief from the mountain fever that's disturbed your leg, and now the risin' wind warns me to be off to my far plantation . . ."

"A last julep, General, to warm your cooling veins."

That Fabulous Five-Day Ride

(Continued from page 6)

pect in the way of trail "hazards". These included the crossing of large snow fields, low boggy land, rock slides and other impediments that would cause a city-bred horse to turn tail and run.

Outward bound, we retraced the previous day's trail for a short distance to a point where it veered off in another direction. Sights along the new trail were more glamorous even than those encountered en route to Badger Pass, new peaks bobbing into view with practically every rise and bend in the trail.

An awe-inspired silence seemed to settle over the cavalcade as we plodded slowly over a vast windy expanse where rocks were thicker than grass and trees non-existent. And dead ahead — appearing like breakers at the end of a calm sea — were the long-awaited snows of Pulsatilla!

Adventure on the snows

Riding over alpine snowfields was something new for most trail riders all of whom were eager to put it to test. At a given signal the file drew up to a stop, while the cowboys busied themselves in preparation for the dude's crossing. There would be no danger, they assured us, but they did order us to remove our feet from the stirrups. This would enable us to slip gently from the saddle should the snow give way beneath the horse's weight.

As Jim Brewster and Ray Bagley assumed positions of command, the first horse stepped gingerly from terra firma to snow, found it reasonably firm and moved ahead, the others following in order. By the time the snows were behind us and our feet back in the stirrups, a deep channel had been hooved into the granular snow. Some riders saw their horses sink knee-deep but all were able to keep moving.

Back in "summertime" again we made a slow descent in the direction of a lake that would be our lunch stop. Before reaching the lake, however, we experienced a new type of saddle sport! Earlier we had managed to keep our horses from sinking in snow. Now we had to attain similar results while crossing a capricious but innocent-looking low-lying meadow. Here again we were generally successful, though one or two of the weightier animals found the going hard.

Lunch at timberline

At the lunch-stop lake we found ourselves at timberline again, though the timber consisted of nothing more than stunted evergreens a foot or two in height. But the day was pleasant, the sun beneficent and appetites good. Photographer John Kalina put on an unscheduled exhibition of bridge-building while onlookers speculated as to whether he would be the first to make a successful crossing. Lunch over, we again took to the saddle for the homeward march.

Monday was set aside for the "short ride" — a relief for the saddle sores and other aches acquired by three consecutive days of relatively hard riding. We saddled up at a more leisurely pace, knowing that our objective, Linda Lake, was but six miles distant. Some members didn't bother to even saddle

up. They decided to call it a layover day.

Those who took the trail to Linda were introduced to a gem of an alpine lake, hidden away in a forest of dark evergreens and watched over by lofty mountain sentinels. In contrast to the wide open trails previously encountered, we were forced to thread our horses among the tall trees that marched down to the lake's glassy marge.

Some trail riders who came to admire remained to fish. And their success was appetizingly evident next morning when rainbow trout vied with flapjacks for popularity honors on the camp bill-of-fare. Some indulged in photographic sprees, while still others were content to relax and drink in the scenery.

Stunt Nite that evening was never better. Had it not been for the gaiety and hysterical laughter that greeted each act we might well have been walking around camp with our chins bumping our kneecaps. Fortunately for our spirits, Stunt Nite helped us forget that tomorrow morning would herald the march back to civilization.

There were some wistful expressions in camp next morning as we packed our duffle and dutifully carried it over to the "Doughnut" for transfer to the pack train. Many were the faces turned back to Tepee Town as we jogged across Johnson Meadow, waded our horses across the creek and up the trail on the opposite bank.

Indian Paint Pots

With Tepee Town just a pleasant memory, we started riding again in earnest. Before long we emerged in a meadow assigned as the day's lunch stop and once more were munching sandwiches on the shores of Johnson Creek though far downstream from the camp we had vacated that morning.

Though trail time was fast running out, there were still scenic thrills ahead. By varying our route we were able to visit the fabulous Indian Paint Pots — twin spring-fed pools tinted in vivid hues of blue. All dismounted to get a closer look and capture the scene with their cameras.

The last lap of the journey took us by a series of ups and downs to the crest of Johnson Canyon which the trail was to parallel for most of the ride in. Every now and then the trees would part revealing the canyon's sheer walls and riders would hug their saddle horns just a little more energetically than usual.

And so we continued until the Bungalow Camp showed us we had reached the end of the trail. We must surely have made an imposing spectacle as we rode single file along the main highway to the home corral a few hundred yards ahead. The ease with which we now sat in the saddle, our sun-bronzed complexions and colorful trail ride attire caused many a paler-complected motorist to gaze wonderingly from his car window.

The buses were waiting for us and we piled in. At Hillsdale Meadows a camp supper was awaiting us — providing our last link with the world of trails and tepees and the work-a-day world that lay ahead.

Banff National Parks, also paid tribute to Dr. Gibbon. The R.C.M.P. was represented by Corp. R. J. Wall, head of the Banff detachment.

Selections from Dr. Gibbon's Northland Songs were rendered by the Ninety Voice Choir of the Banff School of Fine Arts, through the courtesy of its conductor, Professor Richard S. Eaton, of the University of Alberta.

Occupying places of honor at the ceremony, in addition to the speakers already named, were C. M. MacLeod, Q.C., chairman of the Board of Governors, University of Alberta; Dr. E. P. Scarlett, Chancellor of the University; Mrs. P. A. Moore, Banff; Mrs. J. I. Brewster, Banff; Mrs. Harry Dooley, Chicago; N. K. Luxton, Banff; W. A. Brewster, Banff.

How Long a Year Can Be

By Ray Bagley

Who was the first to measure time
By days and weeks and years?
Little did he know of life,
Of its hopes and fears.
What did he know of friendship?
How long a day can be,
How long a never-ending week,
A year, eternity.

Mountain shadows lengthen
Creep across the valley's floor,
Gleam of campfire through the pines
Brings to mind once more,
Other campfires spiralling smoke,
Tepees in a row,
Pleasant voices mingling
With the chattering water's flow.

Who can measure carefree days
Spent 'neath summer skies,
Tang of pine and silvered streams
Where lofty mountains rise?
Fleeting hours I spent with you
That vanished all too soon,
Leaving only loveliness
Beneath a mountain moon.

Memory tugs at heart strings,
Talking winds that blow,
Whispering leaves in the dead of night,
These are things I know.
These are the things that bind you close,
Ever close to me,
I only pray you never know
How long a year can be.

PRIZE FOR POPULARITY



It was Ray Bagley's idea and — like most of Ray's ideas — it was a good one.

Each summer, despite the general willingness of all members to pitch in and help with camp chores, and contribute to the camp's welfare in other means, the efforts and personality of one particular member gain special attention.

It was Ray's idea that such an individual be given public recognition as the one "contributing most to the camp's success". A fitting prize, Ray reasoned and we agreed, would be a pair of beaded Indian moccasins.

While a number of names were recommended, the final vote went to a popular member of the staff, who joined the association as a member of Lib Smith's group several years ago. The winner was Mandy Funk, of Jenkintown, Pa., one of the busiest, smilingest, winsomest girls in camp.

Since we couldn't guess the winner's name in advance — let alone the size of her feet — a pair of miniature moccasins, complete with beads, was purchased for use at the presentation. These were presented to Mandy by Ray at our campfire sing-song, with instructions to trade them for the real thing in Banff.

Above photo shows a smiling Mandy accepting the lilliputian footwear from "Uncle Ray".

Calling All Trail Riders!

If you find the editor's writing monotonous at times, you, dear member, can contribute an added touch of variety by turning part-time reporter.

Chances are you pick up bits of information from fellow trail riders — a few anecdotes or humorous yarns — that would undoubtedly be of interest to our rank and file. Why not put your pals in the know by forwarding such data to the editor?



As our film had no soundtrack, it was, unfortunately, not possible to record the gist of above conversation. However, since Lib Smith's girls are participating and Stunt Nite is just around the corner, it may be that they're dreaming up some new act to rock and roll the audience in the tent's grassy aisles.



Feasting on trail ride sandwiches and the magnificent scenery of the high altitudes, these four trail riders seem highly pleased with both. Foursome was snapped during lunch stop on the five-day ride.



You can't lose your horses if they're well marked! says Frank Sabin.



Happy tepee group—Dorothy Hayward, Janice and Ann Crump.



"Ottawa was never like this" — Olive Hanley and Denise Benoit.



Fish stories would be more convincing if their narrators could accompany them with evidence like this! An hour earlier, these fine finsters were swimming leisurely in the cool, deep waters of Luellen Lake, a short distance from camp. Don McVeigh and Howard Watkins were among the captors.



The trail ride had a live-wire promoter this year in President Ches. McNair of Great Falls, Montana. As a result of his promotion campaign, five fellow citizens from his hometown signed up for the five-day cavalcade.



Even the horse wants to get into the act in this photo, starring "Lib" Smith, right, and two members of her party from Haddonfield, N.J., Bonnie and Nancy Crowthers. And, it must be admitted, all take good pictures, including the friendly white horse.



Ground feels nice and soft after a morning in the western saddle for this smiling foursome. Members of the five-day ride, they are, left to right: Harold and Dorothy Hayward, Ray Bagley and Ann Crump. Chances are Uncle Ray is entertaining his companions with a recitation or an amusing anecdote of the high country so dear to his heart.



Toronto trio — Vida Peene, Wally Joyce and Glynn Griffiths.



Diamond tepee mates conscripted for kitchen detail — and happy about it.



"Not too tight, dear," says Don McVeigh, "I like this alpine air."



Its "destination watershelf" for this smiling foursome from the Lib Smith contingent. And if the watershelf's already occupied, they'll probably continue their journey right to the shores of Johnson Creek.



Trail riders enjoy informal chat with cowboys during stopover on trail. Jim Brewster, head guide and kingpin of outfitter staff, is seated at centre in favorite headgear. Beside him, left to right: Dr. Don and Mrs. McNeil and Buck Crump.

SEASON ENDS WITH SIGHS AND LAUGHTER

GRAND POW-WOW IS FITTING FINALE

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"... Now that the trail ride's a thing of the past."

Thus we chanted sadly the previous night at our last sing-song in camp, in a catchy parody on the popular song, "So long, it's been good to know you."

And though both camps were a "thing of the past", there was still a final dividend to come in the form of the grand pow-wow on the athletic grounds of Banff Springs Hotel... a somewhat nostalgic postscript to the gaiety and good fellowship of the two rides.

A fitting swan song to the waning '55 season, the pow-wow afforded trail riders a last chance to deck themselves out in their trail apparel, sing their favorite trail ride songs once more in the big "Doughnut" tent, and to enjoy a tasty camp style supper in the open.

And so it was this year when we paid our farewell respects to the 32nd annual rides. As raindrops (in contrast to last year's late July sunshine) pattered on the canvas roof, we seated ourselves around the big tent's grassy floor to participate in a program of music, melodrama, horse opera and memories.

Attendance figures must certainly have topped records of the past few

years. The "Big Top" was literally bursting at the seams. Members of the six-day ride comprised the lion's share of the audience which was further augmented by Lib Smith's 20 teeners and several other die-hard members of the five-day trip.

Also on hand were a number of association officers, residents of Banff, who were unable to attend the camp, officials of Banff National Park, and other friends of the trail riders' association.

The pow-wow this year also boasted an interesting "first". It was the first time a horse had ever been inside the big "Doughnut" — let alone an educated horse. With his trainer, Slim Pickens, of Calgary Stampede fame, calling the tune, the amazing equine performed a series of stunts that left the audience wondering how some people had the nerve to put a horse's I.Q. at its present none-too-high level.

Horse clowns for audience

It was the first time most of us had seen a horse sit down at his trainer's command, let alone seize his blanket between the teeth and fling it at various segments of the audience! Both Slim and horse received encore after encore.

The program for the most part was conducted along lines similar to those of past years. Highlights were the announcement of the newly elected slate of officers, introduction of the president-elect, Charlie Douglas, of Calgary, and addresses of welcome by association officers present.

Speakers included Carl Rungius, of Banff and New York, one of the association's veteran members; Mrs. P. A. Moore, of Banff, a past president and long prominent in the order's activities; and past presidents Marshall H. Diverly, Woodbury, N.J.; Mrs. J. I. Brewster, Banff; Mrs. Harry Dooley, Chicago, and Ches. S. McNair, Great Falls, Mont., retiring president.

(Continued on page 28)



"Say cheese", requested the photographer, and this is how photo turned out. While Slim Pickens, celebrated cowboy comic of Calgary Stampede fame, stood poker-faced, his horse turned on a smile that would outshine anything offered in a tooth-paste ad. Slim and his educated horse put on a brilliant show at the grand pow-wow.



Mrs. P. A. Moore, an ex-president and life member, addresses group at pow-wow, while, above left, Tillie Knight chats with the Don McVeigh's. Above right: President-elect Charlie Dunn.



Veterans of earlier rides were much to the fore this year when we celebrated our grand pow-wow. In photo immediately above, speaker is Carl Rungius, of New York and Banff, celebrated painter of wild animal life and a veteran of many rides. An ex-president and life member, Carl still retains his early love of the mountain trails. Ray Bagley (above right) recites one of his own compositions.

Oh, What a Beautiful Trail Ride!

by HELEN RAMSAY



The ground may be hard but a western saddle, after all, isn't any velvet cushion. And who would care less when the noontime victuals are passed around after a hard morning's ride? Must have been during first four days of six-day camp, as testified by clear skies above.

BACK IN the old home town, and punching away at the typewriter, with a boss breathing down your neck, the six-day ride seems little more than a very pleasant dream. Yes, even the saddle sores are gone, and the sunburned nose has taken on a more attractive and less vivid hue! But there are snapshots which offer very tangible evidence of a glorious holiday in the Canadian Rockies, with guys and gals from far and near, from Canada, the U.S., and across the seas.

The ride got off to a hot start on July 22nd, with the weatherman smiling down his blessing — for a few days at least. Under the friendly and capable guidance of our president, Ches McNair of Great Falls, the Brewster-Gray Line buses were loaded with gaily dressed "Dudes" at the Mount Royal Hotel corner in Banff. There were warm greetings as old friends met, and new trail riders became acquainted. When all were present and accounted for, the buses headed out for Hillsdale, and the corral of waiting horses.

There, the names of guides and numbers of horses were given out to each trail rider, with the riding ability of the dudes supposed to be matched with the disposition of the pony. Stirrups were adjusted, slickers tied to the backs of the saddles, and the first

bonds of friendship (?) made between horse and rider.

Finally, all were mounted, and the second section of the 32nd trail ride was under way. We rode over grassy fields, through sweet-scented woods — up hill and down — along the dusty trail. At noon there was a very welcome rest stop for lunch, some distance up Johnson Creek. It was then we started getting better acquainted with other riders — finding out who came from where — whether it was their first ride, or one of many. Bright red shirts and blue skies made it a busy rest stop for photographers, and I've yet to see a trail rider without a camera of some sort, from little Brownies to movie or stereo models.

After lunch and a brief period of relaxation, there was the call of "everybody up" — and the hunt for horses began. "Anyone seen a brown horse wearing a blue slicker?" — "I can't find number twenty-nine." Finally all were mounted, and the cavalcade set off, destination Teepee town . . . 10 more miles or so along Johnson Creek.

And what a welcome sight that



It's anybody's guess just what goes on here. Either they're putting the finishing touches on a lollipop or demonstrating the correct way to handle a toothpick in Aunt Agatha's drawing room. With Harold Calhoun (lower right) in group, it's not hard to guess who helped promote the party pose.

Spruce boughs may be less comfortable, but at least you don't have to blow the things up. Such is not the case with an inflating mattress as a huffing and puffing Kay McVeigh demonstrates.

teepee town was — in the late afternoon after a 16-mile ride! The horses were ridden into the corral, and the weary riders headed for camp, to find out who their teepee mates were to be for the next 6 days.

Supper that first night was a gay affair. Hearty appetites made short work of the wonderful meal prepared by the camp cook and her helpers. From soup to dessert, it was a huge success.

At 8:30 the gang began to gather at the donut tent for the evening's sing-song. Under the capable guidance of our emcee, Ross Alger, from Calgary, introductions were made, songs were sung, to the pleasing accompaniment of the squeeze-box, stories were told in rhyme by Uncle Ray Bagley, the itinerary was given for the next day and, cocoa and cookies were served. Then square dancing with the cowboys as callers, carried on for some time, followed by a sing-song until the wee small hours, both in the donut and in some of the "hoot owl" teepees.

It seemed almost the middle of the night when the sound of "cow-bells" came tinkling through the sleeping camp. In reality it was daylight, and the bells were on the horses being

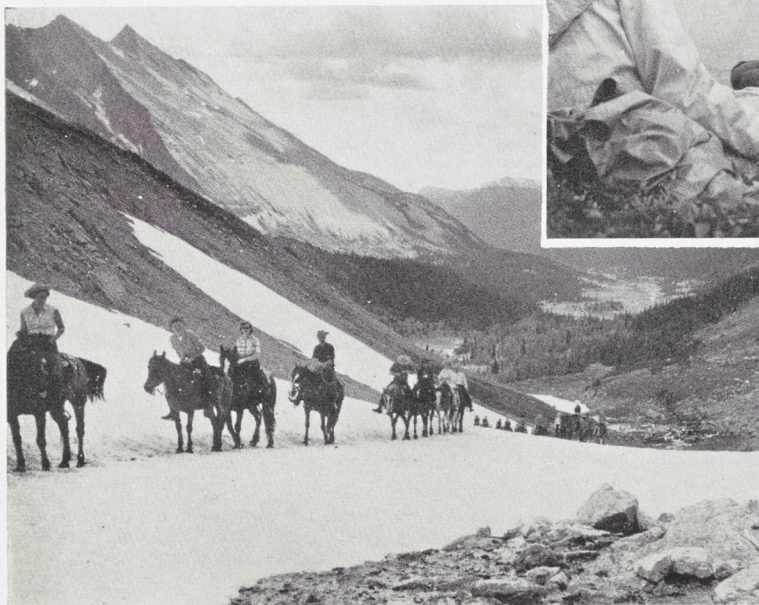
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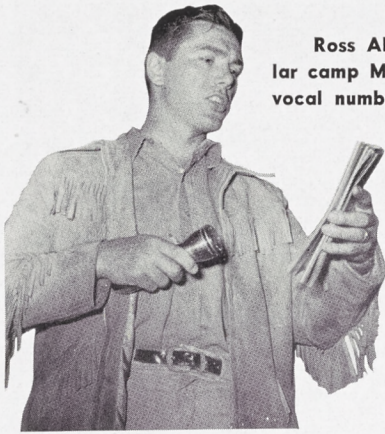
Coffee and raindrops make tasty compote.



Their backs to the river, Gwen Mayne, left, and Elaine Thomson discuss the day's events with companion, over cups of steaming hot coffee.



Marching from the heat of summer into the winter snows of Pulsatilla Pass presented a striking contrast in seasons for members of this year's rides.



Ross Alger, popular camp M.C., directs vocal number.

"**A**IN'T GONNA need this hoss no longer, ain't gonna need this hoss no more."—So sang a quartet of trail riders while a synthetic horse, wearing a cardboard head and powered by the four legs of two co-operative trail riders, danced mournfully around the campfire.

This was just a sample of the short-order talent dished out at Stunt Nite when, in keeping with traditions, trail riders threw convention to the winds and wound up their camps with a hilarious program of nonsense and sense in that order.

Like seasoned troupers

With the big "Doughnut" as the theatre, a blazing campfire as the main backdrop and the tent's undulating floor as a stage, the occupants of each tepee went into their acts like seasoned troupers.

Nor was "this old hoss" the only weird critter produced from the troupe's bag of tricks. When a "knight", garbed as St. George, set forth to slay the dragon, she was confronted with a monster — composed largely of trail riders and ground sheets — that might well have appalled the legendary saint himself.

Directing the stunt night programs at both camps was emcee Ross Alger with accordion accompaniment by Clarence Richards on the first ride and Dora Kirk on the second. Also pitching in to support the show in grand style were members of the outfitter's staff who drew encore after encore.

As usual Lib Smith's girls were well out in front in the original skit department. In one such number, several girls seated astride a log and slapping their hands on their thighs to imitate the horse's gait, ran the gamut of trail hazards, such as muskeg, low branches, rivers and boulders.

Variety is Spice **Comedy and Tragedy**

★ ★ ★

A riotous parody on an old favorite, entitled "Nobody's Moo Cow Now" brought instant fame to a sextette of Lib's girls who billed themselves as the "Cowlettes." This came on the heels of a tragicomedy "The Viper" starring Dot Hayward, Ann and Janice Crump, which provided some tense and intense moments for the audience.

An act billed as "The Montana Story", featuring that attractive Eureka duo, Ella Ferris and Edna Gwynn, was a screamerama from the word "Go". It was the unexpected that supplied most of the laughs. Seems that both members of the cast lost their balance and fell off their log settee. This was definitely not in the script.

A catchy bit of verse, entitled "The Night Before Trail Ride" starred Lib Smith and Sally McVaugh, while the Kicking Horse Girls added a further touch of glamor to the show.

Buck Crump proved himself a mind-reader of extraordinary powers in a catchy bit of drama with a supporting cast of Harold Hayward and Don McNeil. His mystic powers left the audience baffled and wondering.

A somewhat unique version of the "Old Mill Stream", with equally unique gestures, won instant acclaim for a talented trio from Great Falls, Montana. The harmony was just sufficiently off-key (intentional, of course) to give the song a new twist. The Choraleers, as they were specifically billed, were composed of Jack Stephenson, and Bill and Jon Bertsche.



Camp medico Don McNeil and wife, Mary Lou, laugh along with audience at lively bit of comedy. Camp coincided with the popular Calgary pair's wedding anniversary — an occasion given suitable recognition by trail colleagues.

of '55 Follies

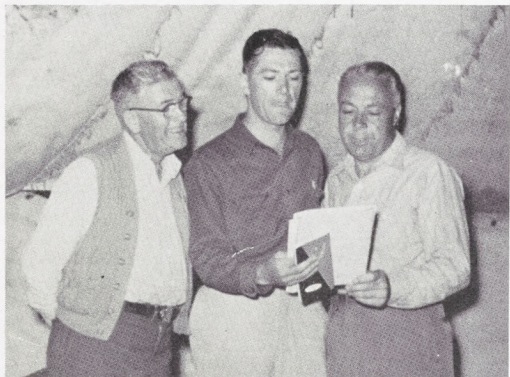
Same Thing at Annual Show

★ ★ ★

Four girls from the U.K., possibly nostalgic for the trails back home, presented a catchy ditty, entitled "Riding Down to Bangor" . . . a slight contrast to riding down Johnson Creek. In the quartet were Pat Longhurst, Shirley Stephenson, Helen Williams and Babs Roche.

No barbershop ever echoed to sweeter harmony than that provided by Ross Alger, Harold Hayward and Frank Sabin in a clever parody on "Home on the Range". Such phrases as "When I'm far away, from King Street and Bay" were pressed home with real feeling.

The "sob-sob-sob sisters" sobbed their way to the hearts of the audience with a cleverly worded effort, each stanza ending in sobs. A real tear-jerker, the cast included Sue Salesky, Nancy Emhardt, Carol Emhardt, Peggy Ogilby, Skippy Wallace, Cinnie Cohn and Barrie Doerr.



If you like close harmony you'd have loved this. Harmonizing catchy parody are, left to right: Frank Sabin, Ross Alger and Harold Hayward.



Looks easy as falling off a log — Who said that? That's exactly what happened to Ella Ferris and Edna Gwynn as the curtain rose on their laughter-smothered act!



Cowboys had special treat for audience as they chanted "westerns" to the strum of three guitars. They received encore after encore. Left to right: Bill Neufeld, Red Snarr and Emil Yursek.

No program, of course, would be complete without a recitation or two by popular Ray Bagley, of Crowsnest Ranch. As the audience listened with rapt attention, "Uncle Ray" recited several of the 40-odd poems he has composed over the years.

These included that perennial favorite, The Bulgy Squaw, The Rancher's Daughter, Mountain Rose, Who Can Measure Time, and a poem written specially by Ray as a salute to Alberta's Golden Jubilee.

The program was also highlighted by the presentation of a pair of miniature beaded mocassins to Mandy Funk who was voted the

(Continued on page 24)



Talented teeners of Lib Smith's troupe in original skit.



Comedy or tragedy? — It's hard to tell at Stunt Nite!

girl contributing most to the camp's success. The presentation was made by Ray Bagley — who else? — who authorized Mandy to exchange the miniatures for the real thing, along with a pair of beaded doeskin gloves, in Banff.

The spotlight also shone on our popular camp medico, Dr. Don McNeil and his equally popular wife, whose wedding anniversary coincided with Stunt Nite. Both were trooped out "on stage" and received a terrific ovation!

Six-Day Ride Troupers Score

You have just heard the highlights of Stunt Nite which wound up the first ride on the evening of July 18th. Now, after an intermission of eight days, we'll raise the curtain over the same scene with members of the second ride in command.

The program opened with the Johnson Canyon Kids (and were they good) starring Marjorie Fazackerley, Marilyn Russell, Howard Watkins, and Maxwell Allister. Their melodic renditions were in sharp contrast to the moans and groans providing the sound effects of the act that followed, appropriately billed "Operation Diverty."

Apart from the fact that the patient's bed caved in early in the act, with Dr. Harry Osborne at the scalpel, the operation, featuring every type of black magic in the books, was pronounced a success. The patient had no

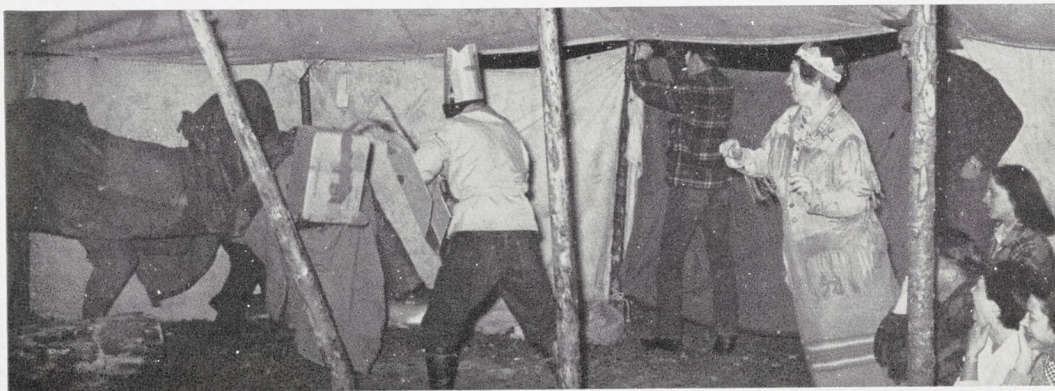
comment — possibly because he couldn't talk.

The Corn Cobblers provided an unending series of laughs with a slick bit of comedy in the third act. With Jim Barber as bartender at the "Grizzly Bar," supported by a pair of rough and ready prospectors, Howard Watkins and Harold Calhoun, the skit was enough to bring tears to the eyes of early pioneers, and to those of the audience as well . . . tears of laughter, that is.

A truly professional touch was given the program by a witty bit of script entitled "Tepee Town Topics". Written by Helen Ramsay, of Edmonton the theme dealt delightfully with the intimate side of camp life and the little incidents that appear even funnier in retrospect.

With June Duncan, also of Edmonton, at the "mike", and Maxwell Allister interjecting the commercials, the act was voted one of the best seen to date at any trail ride stunt night. Space permitting, in reply to numerous requests, the entire script will be reproduced in the next Bulletin.

The Bubble-ettes, a trio of high stepping chorines, added a novel touch of glamor to the show, which ran the gamut from wacky comedy to tragedy of the most tragic type. With Harold Calhoun at the accordion, the trio appeared in costumes that would surely have amazed the most sophisticated Hollywood talent scout.



Audience holds breath in suspense as a courageous St. George prepares to end career of none-too-reluctant dragon. Wringing hands in this classic piece of comedy is Lib Smith.

Stars of this refreshing bit of ballet were Gwen Mayne, Donna Smale and Elaine Thomson.

In a skit labelled "The Great Discovery" Hamilton Neelands and Kay McVeigh turned in a breezy brand of entertainment, while Louise Wolfenden tried (and succeeded) in catching the audience off-guard at times with her inimitable version of "Three-Cornered Hat."

"This Old Hoss", so successful on the five-day camp's program, was brought back with



Sweetest harmony this side of Johnson Creek with Elaine, Gwen and Donna.



Talent is where you find it, says Frank.

equal success on the six-day camp show. Maxwell Allister and Dick Anderson featured prominently in the rendition.

Ray Bagley added new laurels to his poetic crown with a poem dedicated to a subject dear to the hearts of every trail rider — The Brewster Cayuse. Many considered this one of Ray's most timely and down-to-earth compositions.

The next act called for audience participation. At the summons of Dave Pawson, unsuspecting trail riders walked dutifully on stage to be assigned the role of some item of furniture — anything from a rug to a rocking chair. The rocking chairs had one of the

toughest roles. He had to keep on rocking.

The beat of the tom-tom ushered in the quaint chicken dance with members of the outfitter staff taking the role of Stoney braves! Punctuating their fancy footwork with weird war whoops, their performance was so realistic that one trail rider was heard to say: "I hope they're only fooling!"

Later they swept up paleface squaws from the sidelines and soon all were swinging to the Stoney beat.

An address of appreciation by President Ches McNair, by Frank E. Sabin, acting president on the five-day ride, and messages of thanks to the outfitter's staff, the camp cook and helpers, the musicians, master of ceremonies and others who helped contribute to the camp's success, rounded out the program.



Washing dishes loses its terror under blue mountain skies with good companions splashing suds in your eyes.



"Ain't gonna need this hoss no longer, ain't gonna need this hoss no more!" So sang this wistful quartet in sympathy for their aged and decrepit mount. Horse danced mournfully around tent as verses were intoned.

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL RIDE!

(Continued from page 21)

driven back to the coral, after a night out, grazing on lush green meadows.

What a feast that first breakfast was — and all future breakfasts — fruit juice or C.P.R. strawberries, mush, hot cakes, bacon (later freshly-caught lake trout from Luellen, courtesy of the McVeigh's and Howard Watkins) and cups and cups of piping hot coffee.

Destination of our first day's ride was Pulsatilla Pass. We rode along Johnson Creek again — through forest and grassland, then up above timberline, and through rocks and snow, uphill to the top of the Pass, then down again to Pulsatilla Lake, for lunch.

Returning a different way, and breaking trail, one rider and her horse had a hair-raising experience, as both bogged down. Outside of a mud bath for both pony and dude, there were no ill effects — just lament by near-by riders that they didn't have their cameras ready for action!

On Sunday we headed for Badger Pass and it, too, was a wonderful experience. The gang had lunch at timberline, then headed up, up, up, over rocks, to the rim of Badger Pass. It was here the prize remark at camp was made, addressed to smokers and non-smokers — "you can put your butts down here."

Grandeur on all sides

Looking back, there was a gorgeous green valley, walled in by rugged peaks. Looking forward, there was nothing but rocks, and more rocks, and a bit of summer's remaining snow. What a picturesque sight, those patiently waiting horses on the rocky cliff, with their riders scampering over the rocks like mountain goats, trying to get the best vantage point for pictures.

The third day's ride, Monday, was definitely a damp one, so slickers were the order of the day. On this one, we started climbing straight up a grassy and bushy draw, immediately west of the camp. It was a long slow process and so steep the horses had to take a breather every few steps. But when we got to the top, about timberline, the view would have been worth the effort

SUNDAY VISITORS



Sunday visitors are to be expected in camp just as they are back home. Trail riders were particularly pleased this summer to welcome above group to their five-day camp. The group included B. I. M. Strong, Superintendent of Banff National Park (left, back row) and Mrs. W. I. Clark (left, front row), wife of the editor of Banff's weekly newspaper.

— if the clouds hadn't been so thick below us in the valley. The camp looked as if we'd viewed it from the wrong end of a telescope — just tiny white dots.

We rode in the rain through lacy larches. Three little lakes in heavenly shades of blue nestled in the trees along our ridge. Little rain clouds went scudding by, as if whirled by a Master Hand. We stopped for lunch at the third lake, with a magnificent view over the Johnson Creek valley, and up Badger and Pulsatilla Pass. The warden, his horse and dog were our guests for lunch, but the obliging horse really earned his by scrambling onto a tiny rocky island for the benefit of photographers!

The trip down from these lakes was something again — no trail — just a zig-zag course which at times seemed straight down. Some of the more wary dudes preferred to get off and walk down this one . . . claiming it was easier getting pictures on foot.

On Tuesday the ride was to Luellen Lake, the Fisherman's Paradise. Weather was unfavorable for the photographers but the lake was exceedingly picturesque, in the mind's eye at least—even if the trail was decidedly muddy in spots, and boggy around the lake.

Stunt night that evening was a howling success—from the three bubble dancers with their plastic panties over red union suits, to the radio dial twisters and the three-cornered hat.

Wednesday morning found everyone a little sad, as the camp broke up. Farewell pictures were taken, addresses of tepee friends were written in little black books, for later letters and the exchanging of pictures.

The ride out was a wet one, too. There was unexpected excitement at lunch time, though, when we were met by two rodeo celebrities—Slim Pickens and his Apaloosa horse Dear John—who arrived with Mrs. Pickens, Charlie

Beil and Frank Sabin. Every rider was thoroughly drenched—or would have been without slickers by the time they reached Johnson Creek Bungalow Camp, and the corral.

Busses took the gang back to Banff, where there was time for only a brief wash-up before supper. This was the annual delicious cold supper served up by Claude and Ruth Brewster, on the grounds of Banff Spring Hotel.

Later all riders and visitors went into the doughnut tent for their final pow-wow. There the thrill of the evening was an exciting and talented performance by Slim Pickens and his horse. Songs by Lib Smith's girls of the first trail ride, and a few short introductions, wound up the evening and signed "thirty" to the 32nd annual Trail Ride, with many of the riders promising to "See you next year".



With the white spires of Tepee Town behind them, trail riders plod forth for another day on the high trails. They have taken the main trail leading from camp to such beauty spots as Badger and Pulsatilla Pass. Corral lies among trees on slope behind camp. Looking like ribbon in background is fast-flowing Johnson Creek near whose headwaters our camp was pitched.

GRAND POW-WOW!

(Continued from page 18)

Superintendent B. I. M. Strong gave an address of welcome on behalf of Banff National Park.

Also highlighting the program was the presentation of the Townsend Trophy, awarded each year to the trail rider entering the winning amateur photograph of that year's ride. This year's winner (for the ride of 1954) was Vera Hansen, of Stettler, Alta., who received the prize in absentia.

Sweet strains of harmony were provided by Lib Smith's junior choristers who presented a number of trail ride favorites, including the ever-popular "Tell Me Why?" Other numbers from the trail ride song book were sung to the accompaniment of Dora Kirk and her accordian.

In conclusion, with arms crossed and hands clasped, we summed up our feelings in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne". And judging by the good times and the good fellowship that marked our '55 camp those old acquaintances are not likely to be "forgot" for many a trail ride season.

TOWNSEND CUP AGAIN UP

(Continued from page 8)

might well lasso the coveted trophy, if given a chance.

The rules are simple. Select one or more of your favorite prints depicting scenes on this year's ride — either in camp or on the trails. Dream up a nomme-de-plume and print same on back of each photo entered, along with approximate date and location of scene depicted.

Print same nomme-de-plume, along with your bona-fide name and address, on slip of paper and place in envelope carrying nomme-de-plume *only* on outside front. Seal envelope and send, along with entry or entries, to the secretary-treasurer. The judges will take it from there.

For best results, entries should be no larger than 8" x 10" and no smaller than 5" x 7".

Mountain forms majestic wall in background as trail riders march over flower-strewn alpine meadow. Cool air from mountain snows mingles with pungent tang of evergreens dotting this timberline paradise.



• ON THE CAVALCADE OF '55 •

Five-Day Ride:

ALGER, Ross P., 735 - 8 Ave. West, Calgary, Alta.
 AIKENHEAD, Miss Ellen, 89 Clairmont Rd., Belmont, Mass.
 BAGLEY, Ray, Crowsnest Ranch, Coleman, Alta.
 BENOIT, Miss Denise, 46 Bellwood Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 BERTSCHE, Wm. H., Jr., 1917 - 4th Ave. N., Great Falls, Mont.
 BERTSCHE, Mrs. Wm. H., 1917 - 4th Ave. N., Great Falls, Mont.
 BERTSCHE, Jon W., 1917 - 4th Ave. N., Great Falls, Mont.
 BRANCH, Miss Winnefred, 3 Coolidge Rd., Belmont, Mass.
 CROWTHERS, Miss Bonnie, 50 Chews Landing Rd., Haddonfield, N.J.
 CROWTHERS, Miss Nancy, 50 Chews Landing Rd., Haddonfield, N.J.
 CRUMP, N. R., 12 Kilburn Cresc., Hampstead, Montreal, Que.
 CRUMP, Miss Ann L., 12 Kilburn Cresc., Hampstead, Montreal, Que.
 CRUMP, Miss Janice E., 12 Kilburn Cresc., Hampstead, Montreal, Que.
 DICKSON, Miss Lois, 403 W. 115 St., New York 25, N.Y.
 DOERR, Miss Barrie, 130 Ashwood Rd., Villanova, Pa.
 EMHARDT, Miss Carol, 215 Rech Ave., Oreland, Pa.
 EMHARDT, Miss Nancy, 215 Rech Ave., Oreland, Pa.
 FERRIS, Mrs. Ella, P.O. Box No. 755, Eureka, Mont.
 FISHER, Miss Barbara, 1301 Huntingdon Valley Rd., Abington, Pa.
 FUNK, Miss Mandy, Walnut St., Jenkintown, Pa.
 GORDON, Miss Elizabeth, Old Mountain Rd., Farmington, Conn.
 GRIFFITHS, Miss M. G., 208 Rosemary Rd., Toronto 10, Ont.
 GWYNN, Mrs. Edna., P.O. Box No. 72, Eureka, Mont.
 HANLEY, Miss Olive, Canadian Govt. Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Ont.
 HARTMAN, Miss Beverly, 1847 Lambert Rd., Jenkintown, Pa.
 HAYWARD, Harold W., 2495 Mariette, Apt. 55, Montreal, Que.
 HAYWARD, Mrs. Harold W., 2495 Mariette, Apt. 55, Montreal, Que.
 JOYCE, Wallace R., 306 Rose Park Drive, Toronto 7, Ont.
 KALINA, John E., 1251 Everett St., Montreal, Que.
 KINNEY, Miss Barbara, 771 N. Washington Rd., Lake Forest, Ill.
 KNIGHT, Miss Ethel, P.O. Box No. 148, Banff, Alta.
 KOHN, Miss Cynthia, 348 N. Steele Rd., West Hartford, Conn.
 LONGHURST, Miss Pat, Physical Restoration Centre, Provincial Health Bldg., Regina, Sask.
 McLEAN, Miss E., Grain Exchange Bldg., Calgary, Alta.
 McNEELY, Miss Judy, 809 Potts Lane, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 McNEIL, Dr. Donald L., 3642 - 9 St. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 McNEIL, Mrs. Donald L., 3642 - 9 St. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 McVAUGH, Miss Sally, Kingsville, Ont.
 NICHOLS, Graham, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que.
 OGILBY, Miss Margaret, 1641 Susquehanna Rd., Abington, Pa.
 PATERSON, Samuel P., 2505 Victoria Ave., Regina, Sask.
 PEENE, Miss Vida H., 5 Silverwood Ave., Forest Hill Village, Toronto 10, Ont.
 RICHARDS, Clarence A., 302 - 39 Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 ROCHE, Miss Barbara M., Ste. 5, 1745 Comox St., Vancouver, B.C.
 SABIN, Frank E., Eureka, Mont.
 SALESKY, Miss Susan, 1117 Melrose Ave., Melrose Park, Pa.
 SMITH, Miss Elizabeth G., 121 Township Line, Jenkintown, Pa.
 STEPHENSON, John D., 200 - 3rd Ave. N., Great Falls, Mont.
 STEPHENSON, Mrs. John D., 200 - 3rd Ave. N., Great Falls, Mont.
 STEPHENSON, Miss Shirley, Physical Restoration Centre, Provincial Health Bldg., Regina, Sask.
 TAYLOR, Miss Susan, 32 Orchard Rd., West Hartford, Conn.
 WADSWORTH, Miss Cornelia, 1170 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.
 WALKER, Miss Emily, 34 Ledyard Rd., West Hartford, Conn.
 WALLACE, Miss Toni, Beech Rd., Rosemont, Pa.
 WILLIAMS, Miss Helen, "Coedlys", Llangefni, Anglesey, North Wales, Gt. Britain.
 WRIGGINS, Miss Virginia, Hidden Glen, Meadowbrook, Pa.

• ON THE CAVALCADE OF '55 •

Six-Day Ride:

ALGER, Ross P., 735 - 8 Ave. West, Calgary, Alta.
 ALLISTER, Maxwell, 5025 Macdonald Ave., No. 304, Montreal, Que.
 ANDERSON, Mrs. Dorothy, Helena, Mont.
 ANDERSON, Dick, Helena, Mont.
 ARENDS, Miss C., 11037 - 85 Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 BAGLEY, Ray, Crowsnest Ranch, Coleman, Alta.
 BAILEY, Miss Jean B., 3389 Pine Cresc., Vancouver 9, B.C.
 BARBER, Jim, 1406 - 3 St. E., Calgary, Alta.
 CALHOUN, Harold, Tappen, B.C.
 CLARK, Miss Doris L., 1837 Pendleton, Kansas City, Mo.
 CLARK, Miss Juanita M., 1230 West 57 St., Kansas City Mo.
 DIVERTY, Marshall H., 501 Cooper St., Camden, N.J.
 DOOLEY, Miss Rosemary, 1350 Lakeshore Drive, Chicago 10, Ill.
 DOUGHTON, Miss Daphne M., Nurses' Residence, Municipal Hospital, Red Deer, Alta.
 DUNCAN, Miss June, 9745 - 106 St., Edmonton, Alta.
 ENSOR, Miss Joan H., 59 Aurora St., Waterbury, Conn.
 FAZACKERLEY, Miss Marjorie M., 10935 - 82 Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 FUERST, Mrs. W. A., 5449 Hamilton Ave., Cincinnati 24, Ohio.
 HANSON, Miss Agnes, 3440 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
 JENKINS, Miss Margaret, 3245 Oak St., Vancouver, B.C.
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 KIRK, Mrs. Lorne, 1749 College Lane, Calgary, Alta.
 MAYNE, Miss T. Gwendolyn, 1 Clarendon Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 McLAUGHLIN, Miss M. E., 223 - 39 Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 McNAIR, C. S., P.O. Box No. 1765, Great Falls, Mont.
 McVEIGH, Don C., P.O. Box No. 160, Drumheller, Alta.
 McVEIGH, Mrs. D. C., P.O. Box No. 160, Drumheller, Alta.
 McVEIGH, Miss Kay, P.O. Box No. 160, Drumheller, Alta.
 NEELANDS, Hamilton, 10043 - 89 Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 NICHOLS, Graham, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que.
 OBORNE, Dr. H. G., 105 - 26 Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 OBORNE, Darch, 105 - 26 Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 OBORNE, Miss Kathleen, 105 - 26 Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 PAWSON, David, 316 - 10 Ave. N.E., Calgary, Alta.
 PETERSON, William F., 41 Tealwood, St. Louis 24, Mo.
 PETERSON, Mrs. William F., 41 Tealwood, St. Louis 24, Mo.
 PETERSON, Miss Patricia C., 41 Tealwood, St. Louis 24, Mo.
 PRIESTLEY, Mrs. Elizabeth, P.O. Box No. 543, R.R. 3, Winnipeg, Man.
 RAMSAY, Miss Helen, 11004 - 100 Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 ROBINSON, Mrs. Bernice, 211 - 39 Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 ROTHENBERG, Miss Rita, 641 Shepherd Ave., Brooklyn 8, N.Y.
 RUSSELL, Miss Marilyn D., P.O. Box No. 885, Ponoka, Alta.
 SABIN, Mr. Frank E., Eureka, Mont.
 SMALE, Miss Donna J., 137 Handsart Blvd., Tuxedo, Winnipeg 9, Man.
 THOMSON, Miss Elaine M., 3010 Westmount Blvd., A-41, Montreal, Que.
 WATKINS, Howard C., 1617 Summer St., Calgary, Alta.
 WELLS, Miss Marie, Wellsville Ave., New Milford, Conn.
 WOLFENDEN, Mrs. Louise C., 175 Lyndhurst Ave., Toronto 10, Ont.
 WOOLLEY, Miss Ruth, 38 Curtis Ave., Woodbury, N.J.

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 PACKERS : Art Brewster, Alex Volk, Emil Yursek, Don Thompson, Bill Newfeld.
 COOKS : Esther Richards, Sid Snarr, Nancy Reeves.

CAMERON CARTOONS
(Continued from page 2)

to the west present an irresistible temptation to see what's "over the hill", Stewart Cameron succumbed to this lure at an early age. At 14 he went on his first mountain trip, and, after picking up the art of packing and shoeing horses from his many cowboy and old-time rancher friends, he was soon able to make his way around the hills with his own little string of pack horses.

It was never definitely established whether Cameron finished his schooling or if finished him. However, after this questionable phase of his life, he commenced to cartoon for the local newspapers, and for many years his cartoons were eagerly read from day to day in Calgary and later in Vancouver. He also worked for a time at the Walt Disney Studios in Hollywood.

★ ★ ★

● This is one of a set of ten cartoons by Stewart Cameron, entitled "Pack Horse in the Rockies" — average size: 8 1/4 x 11 1/2. The complete set can be obtained by writing "Cameron Cartoons (No. 3), Box 388, Calgary, Alta. (Price: \$1.00 per set, by cheque, money order, or cash).



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